

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME HINTS ON THE KEEPING OF HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

The Stolen Kiss—You Must Laugh or Ideate—Care of the Nursery—What Shall Schoolgirls Eat?—The Victims of Vanity, Real Pleasant Women.

Whether or not it is the part of wisdom to keep accounts is an ever open question; especially is it so with housekeepers and mothers of families. The simplest system that should adopt would still be a complete record of all the money spent, separate accounts, and yet every woman who has kept accounts has decided, after years of experiment, that it is wise.

A very good plan to follow is to have several cheap notebooks, small enough to carry in the purse. The only reason one should have more than that is that he becomes more economical than a single book. Enter in one of these notebooks, which is always carried, every item and expense for the day. This book can do service as a memorandum book. Every day if possible, and certainly once a week, check off these accounts into a ledger. This lets hand page of the ledger should represent the income page, the right hand the page of expenditure.

Most women have but one source of income, and for such the income page will be a very easy matter to handle, and part of it can serve as an expense page. The income page should be divided for the several heads: House furniture, dress, children's dress, school expenses, books, amusements, church and charities, or in divisions or set of divisions that meet the requirements of the family accounts. These divisions or rulings would best be made with red ink.

It is unnecessary to say that the expenditures of each day in the little notebook must be under date of that day, and it is very wise to settle accounts on one day of the week. This saves much confusion.

Friday or Saturday is the best day. Then there is a certain satisfaction in being able to account for every penny expended in these days when money seems to disappear and leave nothing to show for its expenditure.

The second advantage, and by many people considered the primary advantage, is that it is a great convenience to stop unnecessary books.

There are many husbands who would be much more agreeable in money matters if they could see exactly how the money was spent. To most men the disappearance of income is a source of mystery, if not of annoyance. It is as impossible to have the husband drop off the accounts from the day-book. At many times he will untangle figures that puzzle his wife, and very often their combined intelligence will see ways of modifying expenditures or of expending under wiser assignments.

The true secret of managing money is to divide the income as to keep the best balance in the several departments of expenditure. For instance, decide how much money can be expended for rent, church and charity expenses, dress, etc., and keep within the limit. Accounts help to keep the limit before the mind and serve as a check and satisfaction piece.—Christian Union.

THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Two precious trees in an orchard waved their glossy leaves beneath the torrid rays of an August sun. The one tall, graceful and lithe of limb, bore nothing but foliage and that of the darkest, richest green, while his neighbor leaned wearily under his load of fruit and fruitless.

Upon one of the extending branches that was nearest to him was a large, beautiful peach that he had watched ever since it was a sweet, pink blossom until now, when the rains, the hot sun, and the gentle dews had nurtured her to a fullness of maturity. It seemed as if the boughs upon which she grew were bent over with the weight of fruit.

The torture of the Chinese lady's crushed toes in an orchard was the torture of the young girl who had watched ever since it was a sweet, pink blossom until now, when the rains, the hot sun, and the gentle dews had nurtured her to a fullness of maturity. It seemed as if the boughs upon which she grew were bent over with the weight of fruit.

Perhaps it was the magic of his eyes that made her desire to grow so tremendous, for his eyes had a look of consummate ardor. The thought came to his heart that she was made for him alone, and he sighed to think that he might not even kiss her cheek, for she hung just beyond his farthest reach.

He whispered the wish that was in his heart, and enough for her to hear. The blush upon her cheek深ened, and she said: "It cannot be. You would take some thing of my soul upon your lips."

The zephyr upon which his prayer was borne arose to a breeze, and as he bent beneath her sway he stole the coveted kiss, while his lips had just touched the down from her cheek. Alas, he was too late, for her delicacy gone that nothing could restore, not even the drowses that follow the agony of tight ligaments pressing so tightly upon soft and growing bones.

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